THE SUN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1900.

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Also publishers of "RED POTTAGE," "THE BECKY SHARP EDITION" of "VANITY FAIR," "KIT KENNEDY," Etc.

NEW BOOKS.

ing New Publications. "The Triumph of Failure," by the Rev. A. P. Sheehan (Benziger Brothers), is a sequel to "Geoffry Austin, Student." It follows the fortunes of that young scholar after his issue from the colleges and in his battle with the world. It is a story with a religious purpose. ut incidentally it shows how one who has udied much may thereby have fitted him-If to suffer severely. The young Dublin hero istrates a kind of fateful serrow exactly posed to that celebrated in the poem out the man with the hoe. Here is ore who knew Plato and the Pleiades and was still tremendously unhappy and downrodden. His accomplishments were not marketable. Worse than that, they were a

ag upon him. When he went about Dublin king employment and thought to recomnd himself by announcing that he was possessed of a classical education, he was laughed at and studiously humiliated. Everywhere it was made plain to him that the classics were not paid for. He entered a fushionable shop, and here is the record of his experience: passed up the central aisle, stared at unmerci

illy by the well-polished clerks and the counter is, and asked the "walker" for the manager. he manager came bowing and smiling, and rubt his soft hands together. His manner was rential and subdued. He expected a large order some pleasant message.

is face fell. His manner became dignified. He his soft hands in his waistcoat pockers and ked me all over. His subordinates saw the change You have papers?"

But you have had some experience at our bust-I regret to say I have not. But." I interpolated, ave had a liveral education, know the classics

can keep accounts ---That system of bookkeeping did you learn?" am sorry to say that I have not learned booking. It did not enter into our curriculum." en he became sarcastic. Leaning forward on a and looking around to secure the attention of imiring audience, he said:

am afraid, young man, you have made a mis-You have taken this place for Trinity College. want professors over there, badly. Or, if you the College of Science, or-"
am obliged for your good opinion." I inter-

ed, "but you don't need my services?" .f," he said in the same tones, "if this was a colate establishment and these were my pupils' thi subordinates laughed loud at the witty assump tion) "I would be glad to take you as my assistant . " as we are only commercial people, we hardly re t high college swells like you. Now, do try trity. Perhaps you don't know it. Collins. go to the door and show this young gentleman the way to

. was getting angry, and he saw it. Yes, show him the way to Trinity," he continued in the most exasperating tone, when I shot in:

t is plain that the young scholar was not need to go about looking for a situation. He nted to be brother to the ox; he needed to be, but he did not know how. He was uppish. He allowed it to be apparent that he considered himself superior to the shop manager. He rudely shut off the flow of playful humor of the man whom he wished to hire him. Naturally he was thrown out. He re-

Dazed and blind with passion at such an insult, I we ked the wet pavement, not knowing whither I was going. I only remember that I strove, by a vigorous effort of my will, to bring tack to reason my leaning against the heavy brass railing that deshop. The crimson and gold on the backs of the shone before me in a hazy manner, but to this day I do not remember the name or outline of a single volume. They swam before my eyes, distorted by the fierce fires of passion and revenge. I only know that I meditated some swift and terrible

retribution, as yet undefined, for the foul insult that Brief Reviews of Important and Interest- rest there. I took up my favorite philosophers. Seneca and Marcus Aurelius. Their poor platitudes irritated rather than soothed me. I put a small duodecimo copy of the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus in and read at my leisure. I walked the streets of Dublin that day, unconscious of the fine thin rain that soaked through my garments and wet me to the skin, trying to exorcise the demon that possessed me. Oh, for some sedative, some kindly word, some gentle deed to reconcile me with my kind! I was a rebel against society, a raw, full-grown communard, hating everything around me. I raged against man and God. I hated the people who. rolled up in furs and sealskins, swept by in close carriages; I could have cursed the gentlemen who came out from cafe and bodega after their midday up all the gay and gaudy population around me, I would have exulted in the ruin, even though it meant my own destruction. I did not read Epictetus

that day.

forgotten anger still burning in nerve and brain.

And out of the Canadian north To blanket the red dunes with snow

I could sit here all day and watch The seas at battle smoke and wade. And in the cool night wake to hear

Then, smiling, turn to sleep and say, That ceaseless roll is God's tattoo Upon the round frum of the world."

forbidding. The maniae wind means through the branches of denuded trees and the snow descends, and all outdoors is as gray as dead would be some whiteness in the circumstances. In the poem about Tortoise Shell it is a queer rhyme which couples "diais" and "wiles," but anybody who is particular about such things can make it all right by reading either "diles"

or "wials." Since friendship is a thing that grows To sturdy height in Northern snows, Who would not choose December weather

Nassau. with sun and palm;

a fancies and that I thought to sugother my fury She reigns from deep verandas above her blue

Hello, whom have we here Under the orange trees. Looks to the turquoise trees?

lunch. If an earthquake had suddenly swallowed

Thoroughly drenched, I returned home, when the gas lamps shone through a misty halo made by fog and rain. I was chilled, but the fire and fever within prevented my feeling the cold. I went to my room, swallowed two or three cups of tea, which Katrine brought me, without a word, although she had placed some dainty slices of buttered toast on my tray. And then I walked my room like a wild beast, caged, until the silence of midnight woke me | required for the planning of a successful from my trance of madness, and I went to bed to dream of things over which memory would wish to I swoke next morning with the fever of un-

Austin was driven to sweep the street crossings for the pennies that he could pick up. He clung long to the poets and the philosophers, but turned to religion finally. Just as there opened before him a prospect of material wellbeing he withdrew himself into the solace of

In "A Winter Holiday," by Bliss Carman (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston), the poet gives the impressions of a voyage to the West Indies. Probably for the purpose of contrast, the little volume opens with a poem about December in Scituate.

> Comes winter like a huge gray gnome, And muffe the green sea with foam.

The booming of their cannonade "In vain dark's benners are unfurled:

At Tortoise Shell, too, the winter is cold and Siberia, though one might think that there

Where love and cold thrive well together? Still there is loveliness in winter in White

She's ringed with surf and coral, she's crowned She has the Old World leisure, the regal tropic calm; The trade winds fan her forehead; in everlasting

Birds from Scituate, as well as the poet, are in Nassau for the winter:

In his jacket of olive green

No venue could disavow. Good day to you, quiet Sir! We have been friends before,

When lilacs were in bloom By the lovely Scituate shore.

A little book of forty pages, with seven poems, very agreeable to read. The reader will find in "Scoundrels and Co." H. S. Stone & Co.) a curlous and entertaining tale of seven gentlemen in bushy brown wigs and beards, who all dressed and looked exactly alike, and who, after committing a series o crimes, were gradually and skilfully exterminated by the hero, a young man who combined the trade of novel writing with that of amateur thief catching. Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the author, warns the reader that he has no thought of taking himself too seriously, and that his story has been written with no deeper purpose than to while away an hour or two by 'a yarn." Incidentally, he draws this in teresting parallel between the methods of the ordinary novelist and those of other criminals. "I contend," he says, "that the qualities of mind which are necessary for the construction of a successful story are not very different from those which are crime. The novelist makes a rough draft of his story, just as the criminal maps out his lines of action, and both fill in details and fit them together in a similar way. The novelist has, on the first blush of it, the easier task, for he has only himself and his own characters to manage, whereas the criminal has other people to reckon with, but I am not sure that the novelist does not find his imaginary characters quite as difficult to deal with as the eriminal finds his actual folks. \* \* \* Fortunately for the welfare of society, the average perpetrator of a crime is as wanting in originality as is the average perpetrator of a book and if crimes were 'reviewed' in the same way as stories, a critic might 'slate' the two offences in almost identical words. For the commonplace misdoer only commonplace methods of detection are necessary. But for the more un-

things being equal-is by no means badly equipped as a criminal catcher." Here is a suggestion that seems to contain within it the germ of a possible utility, and, if acted upon, might tend to strengthen the ffectiveness of our force of trusty sleuths and at the same time lighten the labors of the class of critics that have been described as the police court reporters of literature-the chroniclers of the doings of the habitual criminals in

isual criminal unusual methods are required.

And if my theory hold good, a novelist-other

An unpretentious little volume of poems that have in them much of the strange and subtle beauty of the East is published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., under the title "Out of the Nest. A Flight of Verses." by Mary Urcheil Fenolossa. The author, who has evidently lived in Japan, has sympathy and delicacy of insight, and an eye and ear for all those sights and sounds-the rain and shine. the nightingale, the lotos flower and the cherry blossom, the smoking altars and the tinkling temple bells—that go to make up the charm of that delightful land. Here is one of the little poems, entitled "The Flying Fish." wherein the author with infinite simplicity gets the effect aimed at by the Japanese artist who evokes an image with a few strokes of the

brush. Out where the sky and the sky-blue sea Merge in a mist of sheen, There started a vision of silver things, A leap and a quiver, a flash of wings The sky and the sea between.

Is it of birds from the blue above. Or fish from the depths that be Or is it the ghosts

Of birds that were drowned at sea? And here is one entitled "Sunrise in the Hills of Satsuma" that is truly Japanesque in its at-

The day unfolds like a Lotos bloom Pink at the tip and gold at the core

That lave night's shore. Down bamboo stalks the sunbeams slide, Darting like glitt-ring elves at play.

And sing all day. The old crows caw from the campber boughs. They have builded there for a thousand years.

To pipe shrill fears. A white for creeps to his home in the hill. A small gray ape peers up at the sun, Crickets and sunbeams are quarrelling still.

Snare me the soul of a dragon-fly. The jewelled heart of a dew-tipped spray, A star's quick eye. Or the scarlet cry

And I will paint you Miyoko San. Find me the thought of a rose, at sight Of her own pale face in a fawning stream. The polished night Of a crow's slow flight,

Then, add the droop of a golden fan, And I will paint you Miyoko San. Lure me a lay from a sunbeam's throat, The chant of bees in a perfumed lair, Or a single note

And I have painted Miyoko San. ling says:

Rising up slowly through waters of gloom

To the thin, arched grass where crickets hide

Their nestlings stir in a huddled drowse

Day has begun. The temp ation to quote is great, but we will inish with this charming word picture of a

Of a lonely wing on a dawn-lit bay. Then, add the gleam of a golden fan.

And the long sweet grace of a willow's dream

Gone mad to float To its own sweet death in the upper air. Then, add the click of a golden fan,

In the preface to volume XV of "The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling." which forms part 1 of the Letters of Travel, Mr. Kip-"In these two volumes I have put together the bulk of the special correspondence and occasional articles written by me for the and occasional articles written by he for the Civil and Mitilary Gazette and the Pioneer between 1887-1889. I have been forced to this action by the enterprise of various publishers, who, not content with disinterring old newspaper work from the decent sectusion of the office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations.

office files, have in several instances seen fit to embellish it with additions and interpolations."

"An Atlas and History of Ireland," described also as a "98 Centenary Souvenir," comes from Messrs, Murphy and McCarthy. The atlas portion of the handsome volume consists of a description of each county of the island, and of the chief cities and towns, of thirty-two excellent maps in colors, and of nearly one hundred views of objects of interest, historical and artistic. The history is that written for children by the late Alexander M. Sullivan, brought up to date by Mr. P. D. Nunan. It contains portraits of many of the famous Irish leaders, from Sarsfield to Justin McCarthy, as well as of famous Irishmen like Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Moore. Portraits of the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland show an intellectual-looking group of men, strong of body and mind. The book makes a handsome volume, and should be a pleasant holiday present for many a good Irish-American, who will find in it much to revive memories of his own or his father's green land.

We have also received:

"The Knight of the Cross." Henryk Sienkiewicz, Authorized and unabridged translation from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. First Half. (L. H. Brown & Co.)

"The Religion of To-morrow." Frank Crane. (H. S. Stone & Co.)

"Out of the Past." Eleanor Hooper Coryell. (Street & Smith.)

"The Light of Scarthy." Egerton Castle. (Stokes.)

"Elizabeth Pense Nichol." "Saintiv Lives Series." Anna M. Stoddart. With portraits and illustrations. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Key to South Africa, Delagoa Bay." Montague George Jessett, F. R. G. S. Maps and Illustrations. (New Amsterdam Book Company.)

"The Transvaal from Within. A Private Record of Public Affairs." J. P. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes.)

"When George the Third was King." Amyot Sagon. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

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Sagon. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"The Divine Pedigree of Man; or the Testimony of Evolution and Psychology to the
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Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services at her late residence on Sunday evening, Jan. 7, 1900, at 8 o'clock. Interment at convenience of the family.

21 East 56th st., Toino Robertson, of heart failure. Funeral from his late residence, Jan. 8, 1900, at 10 A. M. Interment at Philadelphia. ANFORD .- On Thursday, Jan. 4, 1900, at Highland Park, New Branswick, N. J., David Benja-

ROBERTSON .- On Jan. 5, 1900, at his residence,

min Sanford, in the 86th year of his age. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend his funeral on Monday afternoon, Jan. 8, 1900, at 8 o'clock, from the residence of his son, IO CENTS A COPY. \$1.00 A YEAR.

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trance, Park av. All cordially invited.

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Wilton Merle Smith. D.D.: Tuesday, Jan. 9th. The
Church Universal, Rev. L. W. Batten, Ph. D. Wednosday, Jan. 10th. Nations and Their Rulers, the Rev., J.

D. Francis, D.D.: Thursday, Jan. 1tth. Families and
Schools, the Rev. H. A. Stimson, D.D.: Friday, Jan.
12th. Foreign Missions, Mornay Williams, Essi.,

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